

The diseased maiden Lover :

Being a pleasant new Song, to an Excellent New Tune,
Or, may be sung to the Tune of, Bonny Nell.



AS I went forth one Summers day,
To view the meadows fresh and gay,
A pleasant Bowler I esp'd,
Standing hard by a Rivers side.

And in't I heard a Mayden cry,
Alas there's none e're lov'd like I,
I couch'd close to hear her moan,
With many a sad and grievous groan,
And wist that I had been the wight
That might have bred her hearts delight :
But these were all the words that she
did still repeat, none loves like me.

Then round the meadows did she walk,
Catching the flower by the stalk,
Such as within the meadows grew,
As Dead-mans thumb and Hare-bell blew,
and as she pluckt them still cry'd she,
alas there's none e're lov'd like me.

A bed therein she made to lye,
Of fine green things that grew fast by,
Of Poplers and Willow leaves,
Of Sicamore and Flaggy sheaves :
and as she pluckt them, &c.

The little La-k-foot she'd not pass,
Nor yet the flowers of thre-leav'd grass
With Milk-Maids Hony-suckles phayse
The Crows-foot, nor the yellow Craise :
and as she pluckt them, &c.

The pretty Daisie which doth shew
Her love to Phoebus, bred her wor,
Who joys to see his cheerful fare,
And mourns when he is not in place :
alack, a'lack, a'lack, quoth she,
there's none that ever Lov'd like me.

The flowers of the sweetest scent,
She bound them round with knotted Bent,
And as she laid them still in bands,
She wept, she wail'd and wrung her hands
alas, alas, alas, &c.

False man, quoth she, forgive thee heaven,
As I do with my sins forgiven,
In blest Elezium I shall sleep,
When thou with perjur'd souls shalt weep.
Who when they liv'd, did like to thee,
That lov'd their loves as thou dost me.

When she had fill'd her Apron full,
Of such sweet flowers as she could cull,
The green leaves serv'd for a bed,
The flowers pillows for her head :
Then down she lay, ne'r more did speak,
Alas, with Love her heart did break.

FINIS.

The diseased maiden Lover :

Being a pleasant new Song, to an Excellent New Tune,
Or, may be sung to the Tune of, Bonny Nell.



AS I went forth one Summers day,
To view the meadows fresh and gay,
A pleasant Bowler I esp'd,
Standing hard by a Rivers side.

And in't I heard a Mayden cry,
Alas there's none e're lov'd like I,
I couch'd close to hear her moan,
With many a sad and grievous groan,
And wist that I had been the wight
That might have b'ed her hearts delight :
But these were all the words that she
did still repeat, none loves like me.

Then round the meadows did she walk,
Catching the flower by the stalk,
Such as within the meadows grew,
As Dead-mans thumb and Hare-bell blew,
and as she pluckt them still cry'd she,
alas there's none e're lov'd like me.

A bed therein she made to lye,
Of fine green things that grew fast by,
Of Poplers and Willow leaves,
Of Sicamore and Flaggy sheaves :
and as she pluckt them, &c.

The little La-k-foot she'd not pass,
Nor yet the flowers of th'æ-lea'd grass
With Milk-Maids Hony-suckles phayse
The Crows-foot, nor the yellow Craise :
and as she pluckt them, &c.

The pretty Daisie which doth shew
Her love to Phoebus, b'ed her wor,
Who joys to see his cheerful fare,
And mourns when he is not in place :
alack, a'lack, a'lack, quoth she,
there's none that ever Lov'd like me.

The flowers of th' sweetest scent,
She bound them round with knotted Bent,
And as she laid them still in bands,
She wept, she wail'd and wung her hands
alas, alas, alas, &c.

False man, quoth she, forgive thee heaven,
As I do with my sins forgiven,
In blest Elezium I shall sleep,
When thou with perjur'd souls shalt weep.
Who when they liv'd, did like to thee,
That lov'd their loves as thou dost me.

When she had fill'd her Apron full,
Of such sweet flowers as she could cull,
The green leaves serv'd for a bed,
The flowers pillows for her head :
Then down she lay, ne'r more did speak,
Alas, with Love her heart did break.

FINIS.

The Faithless Lover.

To the same Tune.



When I had seen this Virgins end,
I sorrowed as became a friend,
And wept to see that such a Maid
Should be by faithless love betray'd :

But woe I fear will come to thee,
That was not true in Love as she.

The birds did cease their harmony,
The harmless Lambs did seem to cry,
The Flowers they did hang their head,
The flower of Maidens being dead ;

Whose Life by death is now set free,
and none did love more dear then she.

The bubbling brooks did seem to moan,
And echoes from the Vallies did groan,
Diana's Symphs did ring her knell,
And to their Queen the same did tell :

Who vowed by her chastitie,

That none should take revenge but she.

When as I saw her corps were cold,
I to her Lover went and told,

What chance unto this Maid befall,

Who said I am glad she sped so well :

Do you think that I so fond would be,
To love no Maid but onely she.

I was not made for one alone,

I take delight to hear them moan ;

When one is gone, I will have more,

That man is rich that hath most store.

I bondage hate, I must live free,

And nee be y'd to such as she.

O Sir remember then (quoth I)
The power of Heavens All-seeing eye ;
Who doth remember hows forgot,
Though you deny you know it not :

Call to your mind this maiden free,

The which was wrong'd by none but thee.

Quoth he, I have a love more fair,
Besides, she is her fathers heir,
A bonny Lass doth please my mind,
That unto me is wondrous kind :

Her will I love, and none but she,

Who still shall welcome be to me.

False-minded man that so would prove,
Disloyal to thy dearest love,

Who at her death for thee did pray,
And wish't thee many a happy day :

I would my Love would but love me,

Even half so well as she lov'd thee.

Fair Maidens will example take,
Young men will curse thee for her sake,

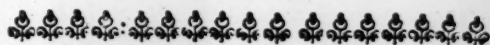
They'll stop their ears unto our plaints,

And call us Devils seeming Saints :

They'll say to day that we are kind,

Tomorrow of another mind,

FINIS.



Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright,